

Masthead Logo

---

Volume 27

Article 23

---

1-1-1932

# The 1931 Summer Camp

Russell E. Getty  
*Iowa State University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester>

Part of the [Forest Sciences Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Getty, Russell E. (1932) "The 1931 Summer Camp," *Ames Forester*: Vol. 27 , Article 23.  
Available at: <https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester/vol27/iss1/23>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Iowa State University Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Ames Forester by an authorized editor of Iowa State University Digital Repository. For more information, please contact [digirep@iastate.edu](mailto:digirep@iastate.edu).

## The 1931 Summer Camp

By Russell E. Getty, '34

The last seminar of the school came. The air was filled with the customary shouts of good will, laughter, and unusual confusion. The foresters of Iowa State were together again—some for the last time. The gang was again about to be scattered over the broad face of the good old United States for a brief three months. However, no one sheds tears over these partings. They only add to the fascination of forestry and the strong feeling of fellowship one forester holds for another.

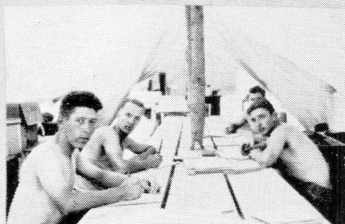
Summer camp was officially declared to open on the 23rd day of June, 1931, and to be located at Paulina Lake, on the Deschutes National Forest, near Bend, Oregon; members get there as can. It was with a sorry bunch of cars that the forestry frosh and sophomores poured over the rim of the Newberry crater into the heart of the Oregon cascades. The camp site was selected and located, maliciously we believe, in an unsightly tangle of beetle-killed lodgepole on the shore of a deep blue lake. Paulina Lake lies high on the side of Paulina Peak at an elevation of 6,330 feet. A bird's-eye view of the lake revealed a flask-like form, the neck of which was shallow water. It was surrounded by ridges of varied shape, timbered with lodgepole, hemlock, fir, and an occasional yellow pine. On the northwest side a bright red slide of lava rock glared at the camp across the lake in the morning sun. A hot spring issued from the bottom of the slide and warmed the shallow water on the edge of the lake, making it possible to take a bath in a civilized manner, that is barring the open roof, inquisitive deer, and a few miles of rowing in an old "tub" that rowed that way. Camp was situated on the "neck" of the lake and directly opposite on the west side of the "neck" a summer resort was established with a forest service camping ground on the shore between.

No time was lost in setting camp in order. Prof. Horning released over-eager foresters and would-be loggers in that beetle-killed lodgepole with the orders to log it out. I guess the government wanted a larger camping ground or prof. was curious to uncover the underlying topography.

We thought we had been killing ourselves—until a week later when we saw the lumberjacks in action. Prof. should have taken us to a logging operation first. There was real talent in the '31 camp, however. Several of our number were almost uncanny in their ability to drop dead lodgepoles across the backs of their fellows. Unceasing and tireless effort put one forester on a pedestal in our eyes—a shame that he was knocked off! Louis Kerby Ferguson, most romantic of fellers, swayed



PROF. JEFFERS LECTURES.



WRITING REPORTS



OUR DAILY SWIM

-1931-  
I.S.C. FORESTRY CAMP  
PAULINA LAKE-  
BEND, OREGON.



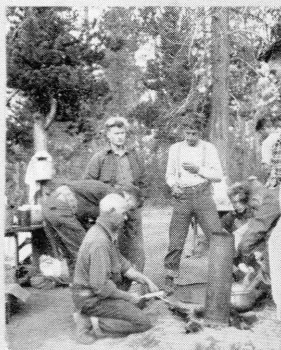
WASH DAY IN CAMP



TWO FISH



FIGHTING FIRE



HUNGRY FORESTERS

back and forth with the mighty stroke of his two-bitted axe, balancing himself easily on a log in the water as he felled a tree on the edge of the lake. Another busy logger slowly overbalanced a large tree directly toward the unconscious Fergie.

Suddenly the cry of "Timber-r-r-r" assailed his ears.

"Just a minute," Fergie called. Crashing branches; Fergie jumped. Where? In the lake to be sure. So we all lived and learned.

At any rate, sufficient space was cleared to set up six student tests, a cook tent, two supply tents and two tents for the profs' families. Prof "Jeff" arrived late in the first week, but lost no time thereafter.

Contrary to tradition, the summer camp of '31 was fed on food they relished and thrived on. In fact those few who were unfortunately cursed with good looks and an affinity for the weaker sex found it necessary to reduce their waist lines, popping cheeks and double chins before meeting "that girl back home" again.

Paul, our cook, was a good old lumberjack, flap-jack slinger, and was entirely familiar with the technique of "puttin' 'em on 'en masse." Even the nose bags—"them brown sacks"—were filled with right good grub; and peanut butter was practically unknown in the camp of '31.

The second week found camp in full swing. Jeff started us out with a flying trip around the lake "to study silviculture." The results of that trip were lots of sore muscles and a haunting respect for Jeff's hiking shoes. Next in line was instruction in pacing. We were supposed to pace off a square half mile back of camp and close on the starting point. Well, that was a few foresters' first experience with being lost in the woods. Then followed the building of Biltmore sticks, and instruction in methods of practical mensuration.

Not more than thirty miles from camp the Pacific-Northwest Experiment Station was in its first stages of development. Deciding that we might as well experiment too, the profs moved the gang down the mountain for a week, giving them an opportunity to observe actual forest experimentation and to be in contact with forest service men. Dr. Meyers, in charge of mensuration, and Kolbe, who was conducting yellow pine silviculture research, were fully appreciative of the assistance offered. The work was similar to that encountered on the sample plot, marking boundaries, tagging trees, cruising yellow pine and lodgepole and counting seedling.

For the study of logging and milling operations the camp was placed in an ideal spot. Two Ledgerwoods belched up rolls of black smoke within a few miles of camp, and a fleet of tractors fed a loader a little further down the mountain. Trucks haul-

ing yellow pine logs from a small horse operation rolled over the dust covered road in front of the experiment station. A semi-portable mill converted logs into lumber within fourteen miles of camp, and three huge mills, operating day and night in normal times, furnished almost the entire population of Bend with employment. All these operations were studied, booked, and timed, much to the joy of the lumber-jacks.

We were fortunate in making the acquaintance of several forest service men. Walter J. Perry, a man that quickly warmed his way into the heart of the gang, led them through several of the most interesting days spent in the field. On one occasion we tramped with him accross the lava fields surrounding Hoffman's "island" and learned the geological history of the country as interpreted through his study of repeated lava flows and casts of vegetation.

It was extremely interesting to compare Perry's concept of the formation of the county with that of Professor Parks, former professor of mining engineering at Iowa State College. These men represented the two different theories regarding the disappearance of the top of Mt. Mozama. Perry thought it was blown off, and Parks maintained it had collapsed.

Robert Hill, of the Washington, D. C., Grazing Department, a classmate of Prof. "Mac" when they were in school at Nebraska, gave us an insight into the grazing problem while we were gathered around the camp fire one night, and "the smoke went curling to the sky-y-y." One speaker, Fuller of the State Public Relations Department, went so far as to pack a Delco light moving picture machine up the mountain with him.

In the little town of LaPine, fourteen miles from camp, Burgess, a former student of I. S. C., managed one ranger district of the Deschutes National Forest. One fine day the camp swooped down on him and mixed his working schedule up a plenty, bombarding him with question for four hours. However, Burgess stood the gaff well, recommending administrative forestry so enthusiastically that almost to a man we were converted to ranger work. Some have back slidden, however. At any rate we observed the ranger's quarters, and stacks of reports, maps, plans, and instructions and gained a general idea of the work he accomplished. Among other details we learned that rangers seldom, if ever, find time to hunt, fish, or play cowboy, as popular opinion would have them.

You probably gathered an erroneous opinion from the incidents and proceedings above recorded, that the camp of '31 was composed of serious-minded, hard working students. Considerable remarks of the profs in their more unconscious and truthful moments, however, we are quite convinced that a more

(Continued on page 90)

## The 1931 Summer Camp

(Continued from page 61)

unmanageable crowd was never assembled in summer camp. School boy pranks developed into serious offenses, cone fights became egg fights, hiding felt hats ended in carving said hats into various fantastic lattices, squirt guns were replaced by water buckets, and hiding a fellow's dessert ended with doctoring his whole meal. Such things made life livable and furnished untold surprises and variety of incidents. Although our philosophy was "variety is the spice of life," the profs righteously maintained that spices aren't good for one.

Fishing and swimming constituted a major part of the recreational life even though the water was too cold to be called pleasant for long, and the fish only played for the experienced angler. Motor boats from the lodge created a panic among the half-grown wild fowl when "Hooch" and "Barney" discovered they could chase ducks all over the lake and almost keep up with them. To even the score a lone black bear created a panic in camp, lumbering off with 100 pounds of sugar once, ransacking the bacon supply several times and keeping the kitchen in a general upheaval. Being on a game reserve, it was unlawful to shoot this bear although several shots were sent in his general direction. One night Marsh and "Pete" Peterson laid for him with a miniature .22 calibre revolver and an axe. When he came in sight "Pete" whispered.

"Don't shoot. I want to hit him and hear him growl."

Marsh had a momentary lapse, dropped the gun, and frightened the bear away before "Pete" could get into action.

The great out-of-doors, with its solitude, trees, hills, mountains and wild life inspires the hearts of all men with song and the love of music. There is something mystic in the thing that drags one's dormant self to the fore and forces even the unmusical to sing. Together with this indomitable element and the wistful tone that accompanied their longings for their sweethearts at home, some of the gang developed notable voices around the evening camp fires. Getting word of this in Bend the Kiwanis Club invited certain members of the camp to entertain them at a noon day dinner. This they did with such sweeping success that members of the club advised them to abandon the profession of forestry for that of music. Several of us proffered the same advice before camp ended.

Two side trips were taken from camp to the coast, one toward the north and the other southward through the redwood country. On the northern trip we visited the Oregon State College at Corvallis and gave our O. K. to the forestry building there. We need one like it.

At Newport we first glimpsed the ocean stretching in one vast expanse as far as eye could see and scarcely distinguishable



# TRAVEL BY BUS

Busses driven by courteous, carefully chosen operators that invariably inspire the confidence of our passengers.

Local schedules to all Central Iowa points.

Twice daily transcontinental service.

---

## INTERSTATE TRANSIT LINES

GENERAL OFFICE

New Union Bus Depot  
505 Grand Ave.  
Des Moines, Iowa  
Dial 4-3188

Omaha, Nebr.



# STUDENT SUPPLY STORE

JUST SOUTH OF THE CAMPUS

## Textbooks

**New and Second Hand**

. . . . .

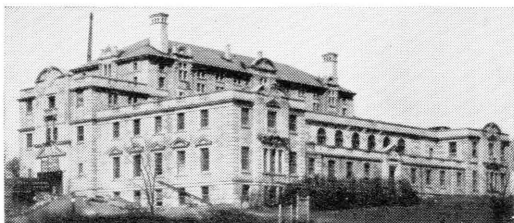
We have what you want

from the sky in the grey fog of a cloudy day. Here Prof. Horning drove the big Reo to the water's edge and quietly admired the awesome spectacle for a time. Suddenly he noticed the big breakers running in and rolling lightly around the car. He tried to get out but it was too late, the wheels simply spinned and settled in the wet sand. Without any waste of time he ran to the nearest garage which was not far distant and secured a wrecker which soon pulled him out of the on-rushing breakers.

Then we crawled on north along the ocean highway to Astoria where we spent the night in jail, lacking better quarters. At Astoria we visited a salmon cannery and liked it. Going on inland along the Columbia river, we stopped at Klatskame and saw the ocean-going log rafts in the process of construction. These rafts are almost 1,000 feet long and contain five million board feet of logs, and a deck of poles. Incidentally this is the only place in the world where such rafts are constructed. Continuing up river we crossed the Longview bridge into Washington and went through the Long-bell mills at Longview. While in Washington we ran out to the Long-bell logging operations and observed the machinery and methods used with Douglas fir timber. From Longview we visited a paper mill at St. Helens besides a creosoting and Fir-Tex plant. The last event in order on this trip was a climb to the summit of Mt. Hood, that magnificent peak, which we could see from time to time towering in all its splendor on the sky line. The dry season had made climbing exceedingly dangerous because of loosening rocks and we were often advised by the "wise guys" to leave it alone. We arrived at the foot of the mountain in time to start the climb at 2:00 o'clock, which was such a late hour that everyone assured us that we could never make the top. Not to be robbed of that experience we started anyway, and fourteen of the gang made the summit and back before dark without mishap, coming back with a photograph of themselves and the look-out, a sure proof of their achievement to convince the "wise guys." That finished the first side trip and we journeyed happily camp-ward.

When we pulled into camp at 8:00 o'clock, Jeff was impatiently awaiting our return. He had found a fire for us and had hired us out, pronto. We were tired and undecided as to whether we liked our job or not, but Jeff told us we liked it and so we did. The fire was fifteen miles from camp on a secondary road. Without any difficulty the fire was reached and after an hour's sleep the whole gang was divided up and sent out on the fire line with shovels. It was a 450-acre fire in a thin stand of yellow pine and lodgepole. Under control when our camp arrived and practically out by 6:00 p. m. o'clock the next day, our fire experience was happily short. Although





## MEMORIAL UNION

Your home on the campus  
whenever you return,  
winter or summer,  
night or day.

---

Every Student Is a Member of Memorial Union

## BLAINE'S

BEST PLACE TO EAT ON LINCOLN WAY

A STUDENT'S FRIEND

2512 Lincoln Way

GOOD FOOD—COURTEOUS TREATMENT—SERVICE

appreciative of the experience, everyone agreed that there were far more enjoyable ways of earning a livelihood than by fighting fire.

Before we were aware of the passing of time, and one of the most enjoyable periods in our lives, the camp was over and we were homeward bound still eagerly attempting to pierce the future, unmindful of the present. Using the money from the sale of camp goods, the caravan of antique and dilapidated cars took the coast road toward 'Friseo to see the redwood country. Passing through the heart of the red woods we parted company at Eureka, to find our way eastward individually or in groups and to meet once again in seminar.



We know now what Dr. Schenck meant when he said that, "Silviculture is not a science, it is a graft."



Student: What makes trees fall on perfectly quiet evenings when there is no wind?

Professor: Well, —they have to fall some time.



Prof. Clark: (in the course of one of his short talks as toast-master at the Foresters' Spring Banquet): "Boys, you've got to know your stuff if you want to get anywhere in the world when you finish school. What do you think you can do if you don't?"

Joe Stoeckler (Uncle Sam's latest citizen) cuts in: "We will be college professors."



Small skill is gained by those who cling to ease;

The able sailor hails from stormy seas.



"Aye, the balance of Nature—leave it alone and it'll function to perfection."

"And believe me, when Man has destroyed nature then it's his turn to go."

—Trader Horn.